*Ro.* And badst me bury loue.

*Fri.* Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

*Ro.* I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.

*Fri.* O she knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could no spell:
But come yong Wauerer, come and goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this Alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your households rancor to pure loue.

*Rom.* O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.

*Fri.* Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

*Mer.* Where the Deu'le should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?

*Ben.* Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben. Tibalt*, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his fathers house.

*Mer.* A challenge on my life.

*Ben. Romeo* will answere it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answere a Letter.

*Ben*, Nay, he will answere the Letters Master, how he dares being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poore *Romeo*, hee is alreadie dead, stab'd with a white Wenches blacke Eye, run through the eare with a Loue-Song, the very Pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde Bow-boyes But-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

*Rom.* Why, what is *Tibalt*?

*Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. O hee's the couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing Prick-song, keepes time, distance and proportion, hee rests his *minum* rests, one two and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a silke



silke button a dualist a dualist a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the punto reuerso, the Hay.

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandsir, that wee should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

*Enter* Romeo.

*Ben.* Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

*Mer.* Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie shee had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helten* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your frenchslop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

*Mer.* the slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

*Romeo.* Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

*Mer.* Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours constraines a man to bow in the hams.

*Romeo.* Meaning to curtsie.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most curteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay I am the very pincke of curtesie:

*Romeo.* Pinck for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Romeo.* Why then is my pump well flowred.

*Mer.* Sure wit, follow mee this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne,

 the

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